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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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OF all the paſſions of the human mind, there is not one that we allow ſo much indulgence to as CONTEMPT. But to determine who are the proper objects of that paſſion, may poſſibly require a greater degree of ſagacity and penetration than moſt men are maſters of. Whoever conforms to the opinion of the world, will often be deceived; and whoever contradicts the opinion of the world, which I am now about to

to do, will as often be deſpiſed. But it is the duty of a public writer to oppoſe popular errors; a duty which I impoſed upon myſelf at the commencement of this work, and which I ſhall be ready to perform, as often as I ſee occaſion.

IT is not my preſent intention to treat of individuals, and the contempt they are apt to entertain for one another: my deſign is an extenſive one; it is to reſcue no leſs than three large bodies of men from the undeſerved contempt of almoſt all the good people of England, and to recommend them to the ſaid good people for their pity and compaſſion. The three large bodies I am ſpeaking of, and which collectively conſidered, make up at leaſt a fourth part of his Majeſty's ſubjects, are PARSONS, AUTHORS and CUCKOLDS. I ſhall conſider each of theſe claſſes in the order in which it ſtands, beginning with the PARSON, as the moſt reſpectable of the three.

AND though there is no denying that this profeſſion took it's riſe from ſo exploded a thing as religion, the belief of which I do not intend to inculcate, having conceived an opinion that theſe my lucubrations have admiſſion into families too polite for ſuch concernments; yet I have hopes of ſhewing to the ſatisfaction of my readers, that a PARSON is not abſolutely ſo contemptible a character as is generally imagined.

I KNOW it has been urged in his favour, that, though unfortunately brought up to the trade of religion, he entertains higher notions in private, and neither believes nor practices what by his function he is obliged to teach. But allowing this defence to be a partial one, and that a PARSON is really and to all intents and purpoſes a believer, I do not admit, even in this caſe, that he deſerves all

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the contempt that people are inclined to throw upon him; eſpecially if the extreme narrowneſs of his education be duly enquired into.

WHILE the ſons of great perſons are indulged by tutors and their mother's maids at home, the intended PARSON is confined cloſely to ſchool; from whence he has the misfortune to be ſent directly to college, where he continues, perhaps, half a ſcore years, drudging at his courſes, and where for want of money, he may exclaim with Milton, that

——————————*Ever-during* DARK
Surrounds him: from the CHEARFUL WAYS *of men*
Cut off: and for the BOOK *of* KNOWLEDGE *fair,*
Preſented with an univerſal BLANK.

Which is as much as to ſay, that he is totally in the DARK as to what is doing abroad, and that while other men are going on in the CHEARFUL WAYS of wenching, drinking and gaming, and improving their minds by Mr. Hoyle's BOOK of KNOWLEDGE, the whole world is a BLANK to the poor PARSON, who in all probability grows old in a country cure, and owes to the ſquire of the pariſh all his knowledge of mankind. That ſuch a PARSON, even though he ſhould believe every article of chriſtianity, and ſhould practice up to his belief, is not in every reſpect an object of contempt, is really my opinion: for though the DEMONSTRATIONS of a Tindall, a Toland and a Woolſton may have reached him at his cure, yet they do not always appear to be DEMONSTRATIONS but to thoſe who read them in town; and even there, a man muſt have kept good company, and entered thoroughly into the faſhionable amuſements (which few PARSONS are able to do) before he can be certain that they are DEMONSTRATIONS.

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THE AUTHOR comes next to be conſidered. And here it imports me to be extremely cautious; leſt being myſelf an AUTHOR, I betray a partiality in favour of the fraternity. But whatever mankind have agreed to think of an AUTHOR, he is not abſolutely and at all times an object of contempt. On the contrary, if it may be proved (which I believe no man living will deny) that at the time of his commencing AUTHOR, his choice would have led him to turn his hand to buſineſs, but that he had neither money to buy, nor credit to procure, a ſtool, bruſhes and black-ball; I hope he may be admitted among the objects of compaſſion. A queſtion indeed may occur, that if he has ever been ſo fortunate as to have ſaved three ſhillings by his writings, why he has not then ſet about buying the above-mentioned implements of trade? But, ſuppoſing him to have acquired ſo much wealth, the proverb of "Once a whore, and always a whore," is leſs ſignificant than "Once an AUTHOR, and always an AUTHOR;" inſomuch that a man convicted of being a wit is diſqualified for buſineſs during life; no city apprentice will truſt him with his ſhoes, nor will the poor beau ſet a foot upon his ſtool, from an opinion that for want of ſkill in his calling his blacking muſt be bad, or for want of attention be applied to the ſtocking inſtead of the ſhoe. That almoſt every AUTHOR would chuſe to ſet up in this buſineſs, if he had wherewithall to begin with, muſt appear very plainly to all candid obſervers, from the natural propenſity which he diſcovers towards BLACKENING.

FAR be it from me, or any of my brother authors, to intend lowering the dignity of the gentlemen trading in BLACK-BALL, by naming them with ourſelves: we are extremely ſenſible of the great diſtance there is between us; and it is with envy that we look up to the occupation

tion of SHOE-CLEANING, while we lament the ſeverity of our fortune, in being ſentenced to the drudgery of a leſs reſpectable employment. But while we are unhappily excluded from the STOOL and BRUSH, it is ſurely a very hard caſe that the contempt of the world ſhould purſue us, only becauſe we are unfortunate.

I PROCEED laſtly to the CUCKOLD: and I hope that it will not be a more difficult taſk to reſcue this gentleman from contempt, than either the PARSON or the AUTHOR. In former times indeed, when a lady happened now and then to prefer a particular friend to her huſband, it was uſual to hold the ſaid huſband in ſome little diſeſteem: for as women were allowed to be the beſt judges of men, and, as in the caſe before us, the wife only preferred one man to another, people were inclined to think that ſhe had ſome private reaſon for ſo doing. But in theſe days of freedom, when a lady inſtead of one friend, is civil to one-and-twenty, I am humbly of opinion that her CUCKOLD is no more the object of contempt for ſuch a preference, than if he had been robbed by as many highwaymen upon Hounſlow-heath. Two to one, ſays the proverb, are odds at foot-ball; and every one in the preſent caſe ought to make proportionable allowance for much greater odds.

BUT to do honour to CUCKOLDS, I will be bold to ſay that they are oftener the objects of envy than contempt. How common is it for a man to owe his fortune to the frailty of his wife? Or though he ſhould reap no pecuniary advantage from her incontinency, how apt are the careſſes of a ſcore or two of lovers to ſweeten her temper towards her huſband? A lady is ſometimes apt to pay ſo great a regard to her chaſtity, as to overlook the virtues

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